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The Pickaninnies Paradise

Nat Osborne

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New Yorker

THE PICKANINNYS PARADISE

WORDS BY
SAM
EHRlich

MUSIC BY
NAT.
OSBORNE



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The Pickaninnies Paradise.

Words by
SAM EHRLICH.

Music by
NAT OSBORNE.

Piano.

What's the mat-ter Hon-ey there's a tear in your eye,— Do
Run and play my Hon-ey by the mul-ber-ry tree,— Just

white folks say you don't know where you go when you die?— come to your mam-my dear,— Now
stay right near the win-dow where your mam-my can see— now don't you feel so blue— For

don't you fear— I will tell where col-ored chil-dren go when they leave here—
I love you,— and the white folks told me Hon-ey, that they love you too—

There's a hap-py land a-bove the sky so blue— And lis-ten child what's wai-ting for you.
If they speak a-bout the skies up o-ver head— Just tell them dear what your mam-my said.

Chorus.

You lay your black kink-y head in a bed on a pil-low of white When you sleep tight

the an-gels watch o-ver you ev-'ry night The griddle cakes pop from the ground With sweet mo-lass-es all a-

round Old Un-cle Joe is play-ing tunes up-on his old ban-jo The streets are all paved with gold I am

told ev-'ry bird in the skies has dia-mond eyes now ain't that nice so ver-y

nice Ev-'ry lit-tle kink-y head-ed girl and boy has the cut-est sil-ver po-ny

for a toy In the place they call the Pick-a-ninnies Par-a-dise. You lay your dise.



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BALLADS

THE LITTLE GOOD FOR NOTHING IS GOOD
FOR SOMETHING AFTER ALL
WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT ON BROADWAY
IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO THE U.S.A.,
AND THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND
BUY A LIBERTY BOND FOR THE BABY
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, BUT I'M
ON MY WAY
JUST AS YOUR MOTHER WAS
GIVE ME THE RIGHT TO LOVE YOU
LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY
SOMETIME
YUKALOO
THERE'S SOMEONE MORE LONESOME THAN
YOU
ON THE SOUTH SEA ISLE
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE SAME SWEET GIRL
THOUGH I HAD A BIT O' THE DIVIL IN ME
(SHE HAD THE WAYS OF AN ANGEL)
DEAR OLD FASHIONED IRISH SONGS
IN DREAMY SPAIN
MY BEAUTIFUL CHATEAU OF LOVE
LAST NIGHT WAS THE END OF THE WORLD
YO SAN

NOVELTY SONGS

IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE
BRING BACK, BRING BACK, BRING BACK THE
KAISER TO ME
AND THEN SHE'D KNIT, KNIT, KNIT
HE'S DOING HIS BIT FOR THE GIRLS
SOME LITTLE SQUIRREL IS GOING TO GET
SOME LITTLE NUT
LISTEN TO THE KNOCKING AT THE KNIT-
TING CLUB
CLOSE YOUR EYES NOW, SLEEPY MOON
IF SAMMY SIMPSON SHOOTS THE CHUTES,
WHY SHOULDN'T HE SHOOT THE SHOTS
WONDERFUL GIRL, GOOD NIGHT
HELP! HELP! I'M SINKING IN A BEAUTIFUL
OCEAN OF LOVE
STRIKE UP THE BAND, HERE COMES A
SAILOR
THERE'S A MILLION REASONS WHY I
SHOULDN'T KISS YOU
SAYS I TO MYSELF, SAYS I
JUST THE KIND OF A GIRL YOU'D LOVE TO
MAKE YOUR WIFE
SOMEWHERE IN DIXIE
I'M A TWELVE O'CLOCK FELLOW IN A NINE
O'CLOCK TOWN
THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF SCOTCH IN MARY
DON'T SLAM THAT DOOR
ON THE HOKO MOKO ISLE
WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS AND HIS
POCKETS IN HIS PANTS
SOMETIMES YOU GET A GOOD ONE AND
SOMETIMES YOU DON'T
WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN
CLOSE TO MY HEART
THEY ALL HAD A FINGER IN THE PIE
ROW, ROW, ROW
ALL ALONE
BATTER UP (UNCLE SAM IS AT THE PLATE)

NOVELTY KID SONGS

CROSS MY HEART AND HOPE TO DIE
CONSTANTINOPLE
ALL ABOARD FOR BLANKET BAY
THEY ALWAYS PICK ON ME

INSTRUMENTAL NUMBERS

THE OLD TOWN PUMP
STOLEN SWEETS

When I Send You A Picture Of Berlin. (You'll Know It's Over, Over There" Im Coming Home.)

Words and Music by
FRANK TAY
HEN RYAN and
DAVE DREYER.

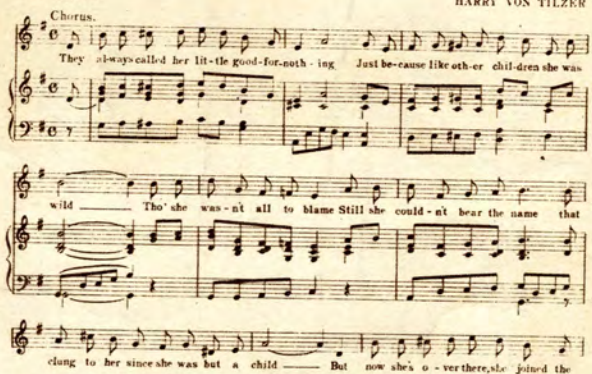


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The Little Good For Nothing's Good For Something After All

Words by
LOU KLEIN

Music by
HARRY VON TILZER



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